THE

Theatrical Observer;

AND

Daily Bills of the Play.

"Nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice."—OTHELLO.

No. 3560. Wednesday, May 15, 1833. Price 1d.

"The Play's the thing!"—Ask for *Thomas's Observer*.

Drury Lane Theatre.

BELLINI's Opera, called *La Sonnambula*, and Morton's little Comedy of *Separation and Reparation*, were performed here last night.

Olympic Theatre.

THE new Play of *The Wife*, and *A Nabob for an Hour*, formed the bill of fare of this Theatre yesterday evening. We fear the nightly receipts do not average £80, and if that be not the case the performers cannot receive that which Laporte offered them, half salaries.

Adelphi Theatre.

LAST night the entertainments at this house were *The Soldier's Widow*, *Call again To-morrow*, *Promotion*, and, for the second time, *The Cellar Spectre*.

Hay-market Theatre.

THE Comedy of *The Hypocrite* was performed here last night, and on the whole much more effectively than when it was recently acted at Drury Lane. Dowton's *Cantwell* is immeasurably superior to Farren's; F. Vining's *Col. Lambert*, and Mrs Yates's *Charlotte*, were both better than Cooper and Mrs Nisbett's, and Mrs Glover, Webster, and Brindal, were each excellent in their respective parts. *Ellen Wareham*, *Rosina*, and *John Jones*, made up the night's entertainment. Anderson played *Belville*, and sang delightfully. Mrs Honey does not look to advantage in male attire, we did not like her *William*.

A very remarkable scene occurred last week at Rouen, on the occasion of the funeral of Madame Doversin, an actress who had enjoyed great celebrity there for many years. The clergy of the Cathedral had refused to perform the service for the dead. Between 300 and 400 persons, however, who constituted the funeral procession, presented themselves at the church door, which was found shut, but on knocking they were admitted. The body was then carried into the sanctuary, and no priest presenting himself, the prayer for the dead was recited by one of the persons who attended the ceremony. This done, the corpse was carried in procession to the spot fixed on for its interment, and being deposited there, the crowd separated without the slightest disturbance.

I once met a friend (says a writer in *The Monthly Magazine*,) who told me he had recently attended one of Mrs Biddons's readings of Shakspeare. The room was excessively crowded and hot to suffocation. In order to obtain a little air he squeezed himself a passage to the door, and with difficulty gained the top of the stairs, his mind being deeply

impressed by an appalling scene from *Macbeth*, which had just been recited. As he stood cooling himself above a crowd of lacqueys in the hall, he heard the vulgar discordant voice of his own man thus addressing a servant of the house, and jarring with the distant solemn tones of the great actress: 'Why Tom, your *Missis* is a tuning her old pipes as lustily as ever?' The contrast struck him as forcibly as Shakspeare's porter entering after the murder of *Duncan*. In nature we are constantly meeting with these contrasts of the awful and the absurd, the pathetic and the laughable.

STRAND THEATRE.—If there be any of our readers who have not yet witnessed MissKelly's extraordinary and delightful Entertainment, we beseech them no longer to defer giving themselves one of the greatest possible treats. There are only two more nights, Friday and Monday.

Fashionable Lounges.

To the Editor of The Theatrical Observer.

DEAR MR EDITOR—Just wish to say a word—beg pardon, hope I don't intrude—but will you excuse me, I have to mention, that I've arranged so as to rub shoulders with my friends, and the fashionable world, at one or other of the *Grand Lounges* about town.

Monday, call at the *Queen's Bazaar*, 73, Oxford Street, which has become a most fashionable lounge, to see Mr D. Robert's Grand Picture of The Departure of the Israelites out of Egypt, painted expressly for the occasion, with Dioramic effect, and from its magnitude, occupying the space of Four Diorama Views, surpasses in grandeur of design, execution and scriptural interest, every former Exhibition of the sort—*The Physiorama* of 14 beautiful new Views joined to the *Diorama*, makes it the most attractive in London for One Shilling.

Tuesday, stroll to the *Diorama*, in the Regent's-park, to see the two new views—Paris, from Montmartre, and the Campo Santo—which surpass in harmony of colouring, fidelity to nature, and general effect, all the previous exhibitions; and at once prove how far human skill can carry this wonderful species of pictorial delusion.

But stop, I must just run to that well established emporium of fashion *The Western Exchange Bazaar*, Old Bond Street, all my country cousins are waiting for my opinion before they make their purchases;—and then we visit, in the gallery above, that astonishing specimen of human industry, *The Model of London*, where every man may find his own dwelling, if he has one.—120,000 Houses!!—140 Churches!!

Must drop in again and again to the Gallery of British Artists, in Suffolk-st. my taste as an amateur, and my pride as an Englishman, being equally gratified by the decided improvement visible in our native artists. The walls are covered with admirable pictures—some perfect *bijoux!*

Oh! I must tell you of a most wonderful Exhibition at No. 238. Regent-st. the *Industrious Fleas*, where a quantity of Fleas are dancing, playing musical instruments, all dressed like ladies and gentlemen; some drawing coaches, elephants, &c.—By the bye I had a lucky escape there, I was nearly shot by a Flea, only there was no ball in the cannon.

Being caught in a storm, and having forgot my umbrella, dropped into Mullins & Co's. Cloth Warehouse, 419, Oxford Street, to buy some Cloth for a Cloak, and was so struck with the superior quality and cheapness of their cloths, that I bought myself enough for a complete suit, and recommend my friends to try the same market.

On Friday, I examine *Miss Linwood's* curious Needle-Work, in Leicester Square—just added other beautiful specimens of her art.

Saturday, I occasionally pop into the Jewish Synagogue, and hear some excellent singing. My Hebrew friend, Moey Abrahams, imputes the remarkable exemption of his nation from the prevailing disorder to the use of the PASSOVER RUM, which is to be had genuine, only at BRETT'S, 109, Drury Lane.

Last night I had a puzzler;—just as I was putting on my night-cap, "Paul," said Mrs. Pry, 'what is more brilliant than Peake's wit, or blacker than Miss Love's eyes? I made a hit—*Warren's Jet Blacking!*—Isn't that a good one?—but I intrude, beg pardon, your's, &c.

PAUL PRY.

Theatre Royal, Olympic.

The Performers of the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, most respectfully beg leave to announce to the Public, that the Lessee having terminated his Season at an early period, they have, upon an application, unanimously made, received a License to continue their Performances until the usual number of nights shall have been completed at the Olympic Theatre, which will accordingly continue Open, on their own Responsibility.

This Evening, (17th time,) a new Play, in Five Acts, called

THE WIFE;

A TALE OF MANTUA.

Written by Mr Sheridan Knowles.

Leonardo Gonzaga, } Princes of { Mr C. KEAN,
Ferrardo Gonzaga, } Mantua, { Mr WARDE,
Count Florio, Mr DIDDEAR,
Julian St. Pierre, Mr SHERIDAN KNOWLES,
Antonio, (a Curate) Mr G. BENNETT,
Lorenzo, (an Advocate of Rome) Mr ABBOTT,
Advocate of Mantua, Mr HAINES,
Hugo, (Guardian to Mariana) Mr RANSFORD,
Bartolo, Mr MEADOWS,
Bernardo, Mr TURNOUR, Carlo, Mr BARNES,
Marco, Mr HENRY, Pietro, Mr PAYNE,
Stephano, Mr J. Cooper, Courier, Mr T. Matthews,
Officer, Mr Mears, Cosmo, Mr Irwin,
Mariana, Miss E. TREE, Floribel, Miss LEE.

AFTER THE PLAY,

AN ADDRESS,

Written expressly for the occasion by Mr SHERIDAN KNOWLES, will be spoken by Mr WARDE.

To conclude with the Nautical Drama of

Black Eyed Susan.

The Overture and the whole of the Music selected from Dibdin's Songs.

William, (with an introduced Song) Mr T. P. COOKE,
Captain Crosstree, Mr DIDDEAR Raker, Mr J. COOPER,
Hatchet, Mr PAYNE, Admiral, Mr EGERTON,
Doggrass, Mr F. MATTHEWS, Jacob Twigg, Mr TURNOUR,
Blue Peter, (with the Ballad of 'Black Eyed Susan') Mr WILSON,
Gnatbrain, Mr MEADOWS, Lieutenant Pike, Mr RANSFORD,
Susan, Miss TAYLOR, Dolly Mayflower, Mrs KEELEY.

To-morrow, The Wife, and The Highland Reel.

Theatre Royal, Drury Lane.

Her Majesty

Having been most graciously pleased to permit the German Operas to be announced under Her Royal Patronage,

This Evening, Weber's Grand Romantic Opera of

Der Freischutz.

Ottocar, (a Bohemian Prince) Herr SCHIANSKI,
Cuno, (the Ranger) Herr UETZ,
Agathe, Madame SCHROEDER DEVRIENT,
Annchen, Madame MICHALESI,
Caspar, (first Huntsman) Herr DOBLER,
Max, (2nd Huntsman) Herr HAITZINGER,
Samiel, (the Black Huntsman) Herr DE ROSSI,
Hermit, Herr MICHALESI,
Kilian, (a Wealthy Peasant) Herr MEISSINGER.

Huntsmen, Villagere, &c. &c.

Dem. Moor, Dem. Kuth, Dem. Boroosky, Dem. Moor, Dem. Heisse, Dem. Hergen, Dem. Kuth, Dem. Mansfeld, Dem. Stehle, Dem. Mansfeld. Madame Spangenberg, Madame Kikebusch, Madame Hofmann, &c. &c. HerrSpiegal, HerrCronan, Herr Hofmann, HerrSteinfauez, HerrKikebusch, Herr Vogler, Herr Meissinger, Herr Kern, Herr Wogwosa, &c. Herr Gunther, Herr Hoppe, Herr Cromer. Herr Euling, &c. &c. &c. &c. Leader of the Band, Mr T. COOKE, Prompter, HerrSCHEMER.

New Scenery for the Opera painted by Messrs. Stanfield, Andrews, &c.

The Village of Hohenwald, with the National Sports.
Interior of Foresters' Lodge. The Wolf's Hollow. Incantation.
Hall in the Jagerhaus. Interior of the Jagerhaus. A Rocky Past.
The Forest, with the Trial Shot.

To conclude with the Farce of

My Wife! What Wife?

Capt. Hector Tempest, (of the Navy) Mr FARREN,
Simon Pym, Mr HARLEY,
Capt. Hector Tempest, (of the Dragoons) Mr COOPER,
Blunt, Mr BEDFORD, Staunch, Mr BALLS,
Thomas, Mr YARNOLD. Allsauce, Mr AYLIFFE,
Louisa, Miss FAUCIT,
Lady Longpurse, Mrs C. JONES, Nurse, Mrs BROAD.

To-morrow, La Sonnambula.

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